

BNA Mini: Talk shite, get smite

Description

SCENE 1: GUEST APPEARANCE

ENOCH: Be not afraid. This message will find you exactly when you need to hear it. You may have met me before, and it may be the very first time. It may have been ages since you heard me last. No matter. Greetings to you. I am the Metatron, the voice of God.

BEN: (static)

ENOCH: Ah, yes. The voice you just heard is my lovely assistant. He is a seraph, a heavenly creature of the highest order. So naturally, his accent is a bit difficult to understand. His name is Ben. Ben is here to make sure I don't–

BEN: (static)

ENOCH: Um. Say something I'm not supp-

BEN: (static)

ENOCH: Ben helps me stay on track! Yes. So. I am Metatron. But please call me Enoch. I am speaking to you because you are a prophet. In every sense of the word. You will listen, and you will remember, and you will keep this record for future generations. You are a conduit for me, while I am reaching into The Vortex of Events. The tendrils of the vortex crawl up my arm and lodge into my consciousness, preparing me, so that everything I see, I bring to you. Choices and stories flash before my eyes in hypnotizing patterns before settling on....

(BNA INTRO begins to play, but gets cut off.)

ENOCH: What? Something is up with the transmission. Is it still running? Yes, the prophets are still here.

FX: alarms blaring

ENOCH: What in the... Ben, did you do this!?

BEN: (static)!!!

ENOCH: A naked woman behind me, very funny.

LILITH: Hi Enoch.

ENOCH: Li-. (swallows) Liilith. Lilith.

LILITH: Listen, I don't have much time.

BEN: (static getting warblier)

ENOCH: Ben?

LILITH: (Heavy VFX) **Ben, go away.**

FX: (Ben is kindly teleported somewhere else)

ENOCH: How!? You can't just send him away like that, he's a SERAPH! What ARE you?

LILITH: If you want to see him again you'll do what I say. We need to *talk*.

ENOCH: (oof)

FX: she lifts him off the ground

ENOCH: (strained) I ah, I can't really um. I can't talk right now. Transmitting.

LILITH: I know you're transmitting. That's the point. Hi prophets.

ENOCH: (still stuttering) and I can't seem to turn it off either. Could we do this... later? And could you maybe let me down?

LILITH: No. Archangel Michael is on his way with an army. Tell me where my child is.

ENOCH: Wh-what...

LILITH: Eyes up here.

ENOCH: Yuh-you have eyes all... over.

LILITH: You were the last one to talk to him. I lost track of him around Nineveh. You have a lot of activity around there, don't you? Tell me what you know!

FX: Enoch is finally let go, thrown onto the floor

ENOCH: I know many things, you have to be specific!

FX: Alarm grows louder, banging and voices on the other side of the door

LILITH: Shit. They're coming.

ENOCH: Well yeah, you broke into heaven. And I don't know anything about your son!

LILITH: Shit, you really don't, do you? Fuck. Okay. I need you to look inside the vortex exactly when I tell you to. Wait just a few seconds longer.

ENOCH: O...kay? Why?

LILITH: Also there's a *false* prophet who will draw the wrong conclusions about this story. You might want to deal with that.

ENOCH: Yeah yeah, the american priest, on it.

BG: Slowly, Lilith's theme begins to fade in

LILITH: Sssshh. Keep still with those lovely lips.

ENOCH: (protesting noise)

LILITH: No time. Close your eyes for me. Listen to my voice.

ENOCH: (whispering, calming himself) Okay, okay.

LILITH: Do you feel *this*? One day you will know how much you mean to me, and I will tell you everything.

ENOCH: (gasping, sobbing)

LILITH: Ssshhh. Not now. When I say, look in the vortex. You will know what to do. **NOW.**

ENOCH: (brokenly singing what fades into the intro jingle)

LILITH: (whispered) Find him.

SCENE 2: HOLY MISSION DENIED

ENOCH: (taken aback) Well. Sorry about my...surprise guest. Lilith.

So prophets, since there are so many of you, we should be able to find the boy rather quickly. I don't know what he looks like, but demon spawn should not be too difficult to spot. We're diving down right here. Judging by the air quality, I'd say it's... (deep breath in through nose) 800 years before the common era. Give or take. This story begins in a small town north of Nazareth, which will later become quite eventful.

JONAH: Oh, it's about time we got some local news, isn't it Talia?

FX: Sheep bleating

JONAH: Aye, I know you can't hear the voice, nobody can. All it's done for me is give me a splitting headache and irrelevant stories. Might be time to seek out a healer.

ENOCH: Here we have the prophet, currently a shepherd. He had always liked talking to his animals.

JONAH: I can relate to that. Animals are sharper than folk give 'em credit for.

FX: Sheep bleating

ENOCH: This particular day wouldn't turn out as planned. He thought he would enjoy the sun and occasionally tend to his flock. But lo and behold, the voice of God had called all prophets to look for a missing boy, last seen in Nineveh.

JONAH: What a shame for the lad. Enjoying the sun and the flock is all a man needs on a day like this.

FX: distant caravan sounds growing louder.

JONAH: (to himself) Odd, a caravan at this time of day?

ENOCH: The caravan is bound for Nineveh. You should go with them.

JONAH: Wait, what? Can you... can you hear me? That's never happened before.

FX: A beat of silence

ENOCH: Yes, Jonah. You have heard from me many times before. Stories of life and death, of catastrophe and creation. This one is about you. It's time to get a move on. You will accompany the caravan to Nineveh.

JONAH: What? I'm not doin' that. Look here, lass- I'm a shepherd, not some puppet for a voice in the wind. I don't need your guidance.

ENOCH: No, you have to go. It's what you're meant to do.

JONAH: (despairing) I knew it! I knew my madness would manifest completely one day. But not so soon. I'm too young! No! I won't follow the commands of a disembodied voice! You can't make me—

ENOCH: (Sighs) I didn't want it to come to this, Jonah. But your arrogance and pride leaves me no choice.

FX: static, rumbling, tinnitus-like ringing

JONAH: (agonizing shriek)

ENOCH: Now look at what you made me do. Had to lower my filters to get you to listen, and now all prophets will get a severe migraine. Are you happy?

JONAH: *gasping for air* Allright, Allright! I'll pack my things, just wait.

FX: Scrambling items

ENOCH: Jonah? I'm afraid you're going the wrong way.

JONAH: No, actually, awa' an bile yer heid. I've been tortured before. Bring your worst.

ENOCH: No. I... Forgive me Jonah, I overreacted. It won't happen again. Listen, if you do this for me, I

can make your dreams come true. What do you want? Wealth? More sheep? I can make it happen.

JONAH: I'm not talking to you anymore.

SCENE 3: THE BOAT

ENOCH: It's a couple of days later, and Jonah has done a very good job at setting boundaries and giving us the silent treatment. He has made his way to Jaffa, an old port town.

FX: ocean sounds, seagulls.

JONAH: How much for a ticket?

SAILOR 1: This ain't a passenger ship, mate.

JONAH: (Desperate) Please! I've got to get away.

SAILOR 2: You have coin?

JONAH: Aye! And I can work for my keep.

SAILOR 1: (suspicious) Hmm... Alright, welcome aboard.

SAILOR 2: So where should we drop you off?

ENOCH: Yes Jonah, where are you going?

JONAH: (hissing to himself) Wheesht yersell!

ENOCH: He speaks!

SAILOR 2: I'm sorry I don't understand your accent.

JONAH: (hissing louder) Shut up!

SAILOR 2: What?

JONAH: Um. Haven't decided yet! Do you mind if I just follow along for a while? I just need to get away from this place.

SAILOR 1: ...Sure.

SAILOR 2: We've had the likes of you onboard before. Watch yourself.

ENOCH: Jonah, there is no time for this. Get back on land. I don't want to make you.

JONAH: I dinnae care because you're no real.

SAILOR 1: It's one of those guys. Talking to himself, crazy person.

SAILOR 2: Listen, um...

JONAH: Jonah.

SAILOR 2: Jonah. You're welcome to hang below deck. Rest up a bit.

SAILOR 1: Stay away from us.

JONAH: Aye, thank you! Absolutely!

FX: footsteps on wooden floors

SAILOR 1: You sure about this? What if he killed someone...

SAILOR 2: Then we'll throw him overboard, simple as.

FX: Door close, ocean noises muffled

JONAH: (sigh)

ENOCH: Jonah. The pieces are already set in motion and if you struggle, you will only delay the inevitable.

FX: bed linen rustling

JONAH: (theatrically stretches out, yawns)

ENOCH: You can't ignore me forever. I will make sure of that.

FX: crack of thunder

Category

1. Uncategorized

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